Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle: O you are men of ſtones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vſe them ſo,
That heauens vault ſhould cracke: O, ſhe is gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
Shees dead as earth: Lend me a looking-glaſſe,
If that her breath will miſt and ſtaine the ſtone, ſhe then liues.

Kent. Is this the promiſt end?

Edg. Or image of that horror? *Alb.* Fall and ceaſe.

Lear. This feather ſtirs, ſhe liues, if it be ſo, it is a chance that do's redeeme all ſorrowes that euer I haue felt.

Kent A my good maſter.

Lear. Prethee away.

Edg. Tis Noble *Kent* your friend.

Lear. A plague vpon you murdrous traitors all, I might haue ſaued her, now ſhees gone for euer: *Cordelia, Cordelia,* ſtay a little. What iſt thou ſayſt? her voice was euer ſoft, gentle & low, an excellent thing in women. I kild the ſlaue that was a hanging thee. *Cap.* Tis true my Lords hee did.

Lear. Did I not fellow? I ha ſeene the day, that with my biting Fauchion I would haue made them skip: I am old now, and theſe ſame croſſes ſpoile me. Who are you? Mine eyes are none o'th beſt, Ile tell you ſtraight.

Kent. If Fortune bragd of two ſhe loued or hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. Are not you *Kent*?

Kent. The ſame your ſeruant *Kent*, wher is your ſeruāt *Caius*?

Lear. Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
Heel ſtrike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. Ile ſee that ſtraight.

Kent. That from your life of difference and decay,
Haue followed your ſad ſteps.

Lear. You are welcome hether.

Kent. Nor no man elſe: All's cheereleſſe, darke, and deadly,
Your eldeſt daughters haue fore-doom'd themſelues,

And

And deſperately are dead.

Alb. He knowes not wha
That we preſent vs to him

Edgar Very bootleſſe.

Cap: Edmund is dead my

Alb: Thats but a trifle h
know our intent, what co
applied: for vs we will reſi
to him our abſolute powe
ſuch addition as your hon
ſhall taſte the wages of th
deſeruings: O ſee, ſee.

Lear. And my poore fo
a dog, a horſe, a rat haue li
wilt come no more, neuer,
thanke you ſir, O, o, o, o, o

Edg. He faints, my Lor

Lear: Breake heart, I pr

Edg: Looke vp my Lor

Kent: Vex not his ghoſ
he hates him much, that w
Of this tough world ſtret

Edg: O he is gone indee

Kent: The wonder is, he
He but vſurpt his life.

Duke: Beare them from
Is to generall woe: friend
Rule in this kingdome, a

Kent: I haue a iourney
My maſter cals, and I muſ

Duke The waight of th
Speake what we feele, no
The oldeſt haue borne m
Shall neuer ſee ſo much, n

F

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